



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1804.

ESSAYS.

ON DETRACTION AND CALUMNY.

DETRACTION and Calumny, of all things, are the most hard to be borne. There is no robbery impoverishes a man so much as that of his name and reputation; and there is no robber so inexcusable, so little benefited, and so richly deserving of punishment, as he who either directly or indirectly traduces the character of any individual, family, church, nation, or any other part or parts of the aggregate of mankind. It is a crime pregnant with evil, big with consequences as fatal as unforeseen. He that is robbed of his treasure knows his loss, and very often has it in his power to retrieve it; but he that has his good name, fame, and reputation filched from him, experiences a loss which he cannot ascertain. It is a loss which draws after it, very often the loss of every thing which is dear or valuable to the calumniated, never to be fully retrieved again.

Reputation is an invaluable blessing both to those in the higher, middle, and lower orders of society; but if it is more valuable to some than others, it must be to those of the latter description, whose reputation or character is their only fortune, the only source from which they draw their daily support. Take that away, and they become the outcasts of society. Destitute of employ—exposed to the scoffs and sneers of a frowning world—despairing of ever retrieving their character, from the impracticability that seems to attend the attempt—they are drove to the wretched alternative of preying upon their fellow men for support. —Thus they run upon the thick bosses of God's buckler (as the scriptures express it) and, in the end, the punishment which they did not deserve, leads them to a punishment which is their just due. I speak now of those who lose their character in the first instance from the horrid aspersions of detraction and calumny, against the deadly poison of which the most innocent and fair character is not proof.

If we were to look at the greatest part of the malefactors, that were ever executed at Tyburn or elsewhere, and were to trace their

misconduct back to its first source, we should, I am persuaded, discover it to have originated in the first instance from the loss of character, whether that loss was just or unjust.

It is an observation of one of the wisest men that ever graced society, that, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and the reason is obvious; for a good name will procure riches, but riches cannot procure a good name, unless it be a temporary one from flatterers, which is not worth having. The value of a good name (which may be gathered from the wise man's observation,) and the dreadful consequences that attend the loss of character, show the inexcusableness and criminality of those, who, for a trifling fault or affront, will undermine, or at least, withhold the character of a servant. If they commit a fault, not capital in its nature, (such as robbery, &c.) is it not punishment enough to turn them away, and thus to subject them to the many and great inconveniences that attend being out of place,—but must they be inflicted with the worst of all evils,—*the loss of character?*

Is revenge to be carried so far as to pursue the wretched victim to the last extremity? What! withhold his character! deprive him of the only means of support, and thus leave him to perish in the wide world, because, perhaps he uttered a rash expression in the moment of passion, which is as peculiar to the poor as the rich, and the former of whom cannot always command their temper any more than the latter! This is the severe treatment which to my knowledge some domestics meet with from their rigid and censorious employers. I knew a gentleman who discharged his clerk (who had lived with him near four years) at a minute's warning, only because he spoke one word that offended him. He happened to be late at the office that morning;—his master met him, and, with no great politeness, accosted him in the street, with a "What do you mean by coming at this time of the day to an office?" accompanied with menacing expressions, which he repeated in the vulgar tongue so loud as to occasion the admiration and astonishment of the spectators,

tors, as well as to draw to their doors some people to know what was the matter.

The clerk, thinking himself rather ill treated in being thus accosted in the street, when, if he had committed any fault, he apprehended he was entitled to the privilege of being reprimanded in private, determined to expostulate with his employer on the impropriety of haranguing him in the street; which he did in the evening, by stating, that if he had committed an error, he should expect to hear of it in private, and that he thought it was not gentlemanlike to call him to account in the street.

At the last expression, the master took fire, turned him out of the office, bolted the door for fear he should return for the purpose of an explanation, which he never afterwards would admit of, though he went to him repeatedly for that purpose, as also to ask his pardon if he had offended him. But this gentleman, with all the placidness imaginable, refused to admit of any concessions, and declared he would never give him a character, but as far as in his power hinder him from employment (notwithstanding he had no other fault to find with him, and often admitted his abilities;) which resolution he always kept: and had not this young man met with a gentleman who was possessed of more than usual candor and confidence, and who took him, though a stranger, merely upon the recommendation of a gentleman who knew of his having lived a considerable time in his last place, and that he left it for no other reason than on the account of a quarrel, he might have experienced the most serious inconveniences. It must be admitted here, that there was no proportion between the crime committed, and the punishment inflicted by this violent master: yet, if it had been the crime of robbery, he could not have been more severe.

God has wisely ordained that we should be dependent on each other for happiness, in order to unite society with the bond of common interest. He hath so disposed and ordered things, that the rich cannot do without the poor, the merchant without the mechanic, &c. And the man who aims at independency of the world, I mean of its frowns or smiles, acts more like a stoic than

a christian. Religion, indeed, teaches us an independence of the world; but it is an independence perfectly consonant with the most serious endeavours to avoid giving offence, and by our good conduct to obtain the value and esteem of our fellow mortals.

Reputation may be compared to a clean sheet of paper: nothing is more easily soiled; the least stain on it is discoverable; the least stain, or even the appearance of one, as far as it goes, is detrimental. The following fact which came within my notice a short time since, is illustrative of this observation. A young woman, who had lived a considerable time in several reputable families, and had an unexceptionable character, being out of place, was informed of and advised to go after one that was vacant at a reputable house in the public business. The place vacant was that of nursery-maid; and she was to have nothing to do but in the nursery and with the children, as they kept several servants besides. She at first hesitated, under an idea that, should she not be able to stay in it, her character would be thrown away, and she might find it a difficult matter to be received into a private family again, owing to the common prejudice that is entertained against servants who have lived in a public-house. As however she had been out of place some time, and was not able to support herself much longer, she listened to the solicitation of her friends, and the urgency of the moment, and went. She liked the place and would have continued in it but for a disagreeable fellow servant, who was an old domestic in the house and with whom she found it impossible to live.—She therefore left the place on her account, and, with as fair a character as she went to it. But on her application for vacant places, she found her former fears had been too well grounded; for when, on being asked for a character, she referred them to the last mentioned place, she always met with a repulse, and sometimes with a sharp and cruel one, viz. "I wonder at the impudence of any servant coming after this place, who has lived last at a public house!"

This young woman now remains out of place and despairs of getting into any creditable private family, as all whom she has applied to, make the same objection. This is a distressing, though not perhaps a new case; and as an example of the delicacy of a person's character, and shows with what tenderness it ought to be treated, since this trifling occurrence is attended with such inconvenience. Yet, at the same time, we may observe what a pity it is that people cannot, or rather will not overcome their little and mean prejudices which are only established by custom, and learn to discover worth through the maze of any apparent disguise.

The different species of calumny are as various as destructive in the several proportions, and the calumniator is ever busy to

find out a something wherewith to traduce the character of his neighbor: and if the fairness of the man's character, whom he has marked out for his victim, be such as to render a very foul calumny liable to be detected, he will begin with some trifling report, until he by degrees accomplishes his diabolical purpose. But I cannot better express myself upon this topic than in the words of the celebrated Dr. Johnson—"As there are to be found in the service of envy, men of every diversity of temper and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation; nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practised: very little regard is had to the rules of honorable hostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful; and those who cannot make a thrust at life, are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to tease with feeble blows, and irapotent disturbance. Those who cannot strike with force, can however poison their weapon, and, weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave: so true is that observation, that many are able to do hurt, but few to do good."

FOR THE HIVE.

EXPERIENCE has proven, that females possess great influence on the conduct and manners of the world. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to the comfort and harmony of society, that their education be such as will render them capable of performing, with judgment and propriety, the many nice and interesting duties allotted to their charge. In order that this might be the more happily accomplished, nature has wisely ordained that parents should be the instruments of effecting this great work, and of "rearing the tender mind and teaching the young idea how to shoot." But, it is much to be regretted, that so many parents are so incompetent to the task of discharging this great trust with any degree of skill, or prudence; and that many, who possess both the means and the requisite qualifications, should so far neglect their duty as to pay no attention whatever to the improvement of the mind, or culture of the heart of their tender offspring. If the child acquire a taste for luxury, dress, and gaudy shew, it is thought sufficient to ensure success and applause in all its future undertakings—for, as soon as the child is taken from the nursery, the parents design it for what they term a "*polite education*," in the school of fashion; to the utter exclusion of the substantial branches of learning. The child is, therefore, sent away from home and its parents, without having its principles fixed, or its judgment formed, for fear of acquiring "vulgar habits in the kitchen," or a knowledge of domestic affairs, which would render it odious in the eyes of the genteel and well-bred.

I am led to believe it is to such causes, as above described, we are to attribute the singularity of marriages, and the frequency of complaints against many of the female sex, respecting their ignorance, vanity, pride, coquetry, &c. &c.—for, by a mistaken course of education, they are left unacquainted with useful knowledge, so that they are led to consider their boasted "fine-lady" accomplishments as the only requisite qualification in their sex; and, as they possess them in such an eminent degree, they are apt to look down with contempt upon others of the sex who are not so well versed in the arts of dress and address, as themselves. To be sure we see them courted and admired—but, for what reason? not through the ardor of a virtuous love; but through the desire of gain, or the wildness of romantic passion. Consequently, a union seldom takes place, unless promoted by a prospect of gaining riches. Thus the poor maiden is left to pine out her days in a state of celibacy, neglected and unthought of; notwithstanding she possesses the "graceful airs" and fine-lady accomplishments, which she was once induced to believe would be the means of gaining her all that was desirable in life.

For the sake of illustration, let us suppose a lady thus educated and accomplished, was to succeed in winning the esteem of a man, and that she had joined with him in matrimony—she is wholly unacquainted with economical management, or any art that can render her useful! she is totally at a loss even in the first management of her offspring; and it is not to be wondered at, as she knows not how to be a wife, that she should soon become miserable herself, and those connected with her to live discontented and unhappy. Instances of this nature are not uncommon, even at this late day, and they call aloud for a reformation in the mode generally adopted in the education of females.

It would be well for society, if a system of female education was adopted, consisting of moral, religious, economical, and literary instruction, instead of the frivolous and fatal manner in which too many of that amiable sex are now educated, females would then be impressed with a sense of the duty and dignity of the lovely sex to which they belong, and would be enabled to regulate themselves accordingly, through the various walks of life. They would be enabled to discern between the adulation of a *fop*, and the affection of the *lover*. They would see, that where there is no esteem, there is no virtuous love—In short, they would merit the attention and respect of all wise and good men; and, in reality, would seem to deserve the epithet *angelic*, which is now so often bestowed in ridicule.

SENECA.

He who knows the world, will not be bashful—he who knows himself, will not be impudent.

AMUSING.

QUACK MEDICINES.

THE act for allowing exclusive rights to inventors has been in operation in England perhaps one hundred years. If we may ground a conjecture on the fertility of English invention from a comparison with that of America since March 1789, we may suppose that nearly ten thousand quack medicines a year, have been published to make Englishmen healthy and immortal. For scarcely one of them promises less than perfect vigour and security against all disease. There is scarcely a three shilling thumb bottle that, if you will believe its advertisement, will not enable a lame beggar to rise from the dunghill and play Hercules with his crutches. In short, any man who can only swallow, is to be considered as a phial into which the Elixir of Immortality may be poured. Its efficacy like that of a lump of saltpetre in a firebrand, is not at all impeded by the inertness of the subject on which it acts. To live forever requires nothing more than that a man should be able to pay forever for a table spoonful of the dew that drips from Jupiter's nose, as he quaffs nectar on the top of Mount Olympus, Hebe and Hygeia no doubt have a patent for bottling it. As avarice governs this world, there is clear evidence that avarice thins the crowds that kick one another's skins on its thronged surface. Men die for sheer stinginess to save charges, because they are too mean spirited to give three shillings for long life; an offer made to every man, and yet hundreds and thousands die with money in their pockets; shame on the mercenary spirit of this age.

But after thus expending our admiration on the invention of one set of men and the sordidness of another, we turn to another side of the subject.

In one hundred years there have been probably a million patent quack medicines, of these million, seven or eight hundred thousand have raised the inventors from the mire of squalid poverty and ignorance, to wealth. Say, if you will, one hundred thousand men have swallowed each quack medicine. How wonderful then is the mercy of Providence, that a single man is now living. The desolation of Noah's flood was nothing to it. If all the men whom patent quack medicines have put under ground, were now upon it, they would lie three deep. Great Britain is a little Island, and I leave it to Astronomers to determine whether the pile would not there rise so high that the moon as it whirls round would hitch against the front rank. However that may be, happily, these people instead of disturbing the world's good order, are now helping its grass to grow.

But a million quack medicines in one hundred years! Death, what an army hidst

thou? and like the army of Xerxes, they are now no more, for of the million, scarcely ten patent drugs are in use. Not one of the dead however fell alone—each slew his hundreds and his thousands. The sixty years of war in the last century is white and innocent compared with the blood shed by patent quacks. A pill kills as surely as a buck shot.

It is indeed curious to see how folly sprouts under the knife like asparagus, the more fruitful for being cut. Patent medicines multiply, our Gazettes are crowded with their advertisements, credulity survives its sad experience and seems in fact to enjoy that immortality that its hundred thousand victims have so miserably missed.

With this fact before our eyes when we read, and still more solemnly before our eyes when we walk in the grave yard, and meditate in death's patent office, can we doubt that the *sense* of mankind governs them, can we doubt that man is a reasonable animal, capable of self government, if we do, let us take almost any patent medicine and we shall doubt no more.

Explanation of the Wonderful Prophet, mentioned in page 39.

—A C O C K.—

FOR the farther satisfaction of our readers we will explain each article. Because the fowls were created before Adam. Because all sorts of fowls entered with Noah into the ark; and he was heard by St. Peter, when he was declaring he would not forsake our Saviour. Because he cannot know what begot him, and his food is of another kind. Because all the creatures of his species go so. Because his covering is feathers. Because his weapons are his spurs and beak. Because he is abused when thrown at, &c. Because protestants eat fowls in Lent. Because all nations know him by his crowing. Because he crows on Sundays, at break of day, as well as other days.—Because when he crows, in the country, being near day, farmers open their doors, in order to go about their business. Because he drinks no strong liquor. Because he gives notice of the approach of day. Because he sleeps on a perch; and, was he to pull off his covering, he would be unable to put it on again.—Because he eats no flesh. Because he knows not what to do with money. Because he knows nothing about vanity, party, or religion. Because most people hear him crow frequently. Because after St. Peter's denial of our Lord, when he had crowed thrice, Peter wept bitterly.—The last paragraph wants no explanation.

—THE LION OVER-MATCHED.

IN countries abounding with lions, there is produced, for the preservation of mankind, a breed of dogs, of astonishing bold-

ness and strength, and which, in single combat, are a full match for the lion, the tiger, or any other ferocious beast of prey. Pliny, the natural historian, mentions a dog of this species, which was presented to Alexander by a king of Albania. "Alexander first opposed to him a lion, which the dog presently tore in pieces. After that he ordered an elephant to be let loose. The dog bristling and snarling at the elephant, wheeled about, for some time; then advanced to the attack, springing on this side and on that side, with all imaginable circumspection; now leaping up to assault; now couching to the right, then to the left, which caused the elephant to turn and wind about so frequently, that he was at last completely tired out, and fell down with a shock that made the ground tremble; on which, the dog sprung upon him and dispatched him."

What pleasure it is to pay one's Debts!

IT seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness, which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection; it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

—ANECDOTES.

NEVER did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son, or a daughter," answered, "Upon my soul, I do not yet know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

LORD FALKLAND, the author of the play called the Marriage Night, was chose very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission, urging, that he had not sowed all his wild oats;—"Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to sow the remainder in the House, where there are so many geese to pick them up."

—THE HIVE.

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POETRY.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE thought, when attending to the greater part of the songs which are usually sung in convivial circles, and on parties, that the composers of them, were either sots, who knew no other pleasures than those which originate in the intoxicating draught; or having never indulged in wine, had imagined joys therein, which exist no where but in the fancies of ignorance. Most of the old songs we hear, are one continued panegyric on drinking; and the degradation of every other passion or enjoyment, when compared therewith. But the fact does not exist in nature; and let the poet talk as he will of his "wine being as sweet as the lips of one's love to the taste, and as bright as her charms to the eye:" I believe, that nine of every ten of mankind, had rather take one kiss from the lips of a virtuous girl, than have the command of the whole vintage of France; and that they never saw a wine glass sparkle with one hundredth part of the brilliancy of the eye of any female they have the least attachment to. If those song-writers were married men, they must have been very uncomfortably matched: if single, they either never tasted the blessings which arise in the intercourse with the other sex; or they must have been dead to the real enjoyments of life. These reflections arose in my mind, after having spent an evening at the social board of a friend; during which a great number of songs were sang. One observation, however, I could not help making; which was, that however excellent the tune in which the bacchanalian songs were sang, or the zest which the occasion gave them, they were wholly eclipsed by the sentiment and morality of the excellent song of 'TO-MORROW.'—From this circumstance I drew the conclusion, that our *head* and *bands* may applaud, when the *heart* will not subscribe to the existence of the felicity which the festive song indicates. Contrast the last verse of the song I have mentioned, with the following, which is one of the least offensive of the productions of the bacchanalian lyrics, and we shall readily perceive the superiority of the one over the other:

"BY the gaily-circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask we're told,
How the wasting night grows old;
Soon, too soon, the busy day,
Calls us from our sports away:
What have we with day to do,
Sons of care! 'twas made for you."

Even in this flight we meet with no substantial image—and the conceits are so distorted that no man who has ever been a guest at the convivial board, will recognize them as real. My object, however, is not to assume the province of the moralist; but merely to introduce the following song to some of our friends, and recommend it to them, as an offset to some of the bacchanalian songs they are frequently obliged to attend to:

Judicious Bacchanalianism.

WHILE the bumper to humor and social delight,
The smallest assistance can lend:
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend:

O! let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers!
That my time may deliciously pass;
And should care ever think to intrude on my hours,
Scare the haggard away w' th a glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should clamour preside o'er the bowl;
And folly, debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul.

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the ivy feel nought but the rod;
Should I make pure religion a profligate jest,
And daringly sport with my God?

From my lips dash the poison, O, merciful fate!
Where the madness or blasphemy hung;
And let ev'ry accent which virtue should hate,
Parch quick on my ill-speaking tongue.

From my sight let the curse be eternally driv'n,
Where my reason so fatally stray'd;
That no more I may offer an insult to heav'n,
Or give man a cause to upbraid.

NIGHT.

NOW lingering dies the balmy-pinioned gale,
And not a murmur dares intrude the vale;
While moody silence holds the whispering ground;
And lo! the mild and placid queen of night
Has trimm'd her watchful lamp of liquid light,
And kindly sheds her tranquil influence round.

Now let me on the plume of fancy soar;
Or list to some loud torrent's distant roar;
Or plaintive river's ever mournful roll:
I love this pensive, sober, soothing hour;
Now pride, and care, and envy lose their pow'r,
And leave an awful sadness o'er my soul.

And while my eyes survey that fallen bust;
This hollow'd pile, now crumbling into dust,
Which boasted once proud grandeur's empty name,
My mind the brittle life of man pourtrays,
He, like that object falls, like this decays,
And moulder to that state from which he came.

And my joys too, my sprightly joys are o'er!
The blooming flush of youth returns no more!
No more, alas! like this approaching morn!
But say, my thankless soul, should I repine?
Or speak distrustful of the pow'r divine,
When dangers rise, and numerous ills are born?

No!—rather fall!—adore the omniscient God!
Bend! bend the knee! and bless the chastening rod!

With resignation drop the trickling tear;
With no vain thought indulge my vacant mind,
Nor murmur at the woes to me assign'd,
But o'er the waves of life serenely steer.

THE DEAD BEGGAR.—AN ELEGY.

Written in the Church-Yard at Brightlemstone, on seeing the funeral of a Pauper, who perished for want.

SWELLS then thy feeling heart, and streams thine eye
O'er the deserted being poor and old,
Whom cold, reluctant, parish charity
Consigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mourn'st thou, that here the time-worn sufferer ends
Those evil days that promis'd woes to come,
Here, where the friendless, feel no want of friends,
Where e'en the houseless wanderer finds a home!

What though no kindred, crowd in sable forth
And sigh, or seem to sigh, around the bier;
Though o'er his coffin, with the humid earth
No children drop the unavailing tear:

Rather rejoice, that here, his sorrows cease,
Whom sickness, age, and poverty oppress'd;
Where death, the leveller—restores to peace
The wretch who living knew not where to rest.

Ah! think that this poor outcast, spurn'd by fate,
Who a long race of pain and sorrow ran,
Is in the grave, even as the rich and great,
Death vindicates th' insulted rights of man.

Rejoice! that though severe, his earthly doom,
Tho' rude, and strewn with thorns, the path he trod,
Now, where unfeeling fortune cannot come
He rests upon "the bosom of his God!"

PARODY OF SHAKSPEARE.

TO go to law, or not; that is the question—
Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer
The frauds of swindlers and the wrongs of debtors,
Or fetch a warrant, and take out a writ,
And by an attachment end them. To sue (no more)
For dormant claims, and by a verdict say
We end disputes, and gain the thousand ducats
We are heirs to—'tis a remedy
Most fairly to be used. Recover damages?
Perhaps ourselves be ruined: there's the rub;
For, with what heavy costs we may be saddled,
When we our papers put in lawyers' hands,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long date;
For who would bear the forms and rules of courts,
The travers'd cause, appeals, essoigns, delays,
Answers, rejoinders, rebutters, surrebutters,
The stamps of office, and the excessive fees
That counsel of the patient client take,
When he himself might his own quiet make
By arbitration? who would losses bear
From puzzled wills and endless codicils,
But that the dread of something worse than loss,
A chancery suit—whose lingering
Th' appellant scarce survives, and makes us demur,
And rather put up with a scanty moiety,
Than file a bill, in hope to gain the whole!
Thus doth redress make beggars of us all;
And thus the law, pride of our constitution,
Evaded is by errors, quirks, and flaws;
And causes of great worth and expectation,
From term to term put off, or tried afresh,
There is no end of actions.

THE SWISS PEASANT.—*A Poetical Fragment.*

..... Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his hut though small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of his shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze:
While his lov'd part'ner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too, some pilgrim hither led
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

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